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But how I've wander'd from my darling theme !

How unrestrain'd my rebel fancies run !  
Imagination ! this no idle dream !—  
Oh, Muse ! my song is of my *only* son !

My child ! to thee, I turn again, in thought,  
To sweet remembrance of the happy day,

That with its welcome visitation brought,  
Joy's blossom-buds to strew Life's rugged way.

Thou cam'st a little seraph sent from heaven,

For all thy graces speak thee from above :  
Thy parents asked the gift—the boon was given,

A recompense for yet unrivalled love.

Heaven guard my boy ! the scion of my strength !

Propitious powers ! oh, train him for your praise !

Be health bestowed—grant life a glorious length ;

And guide his feet in truth's unerring ways.

Father of Wisdom ! plant within his soul,  
The seeds of virtue, and the plants of grace :

Be thou his faithful friend—his steady pole,  
And never veil thy mercies from his face.

Oh ! that his course may be a stream of light,

To draw beyond the stars its lucid line,  
Thereby preparing, thro' sin's sable night,

A way to heaven : a path to fields divine.

May new delights still meet him every year.

Bright be the future : pleasant still the past :

Strange be his cheeks to woe's heart-wringing tear,

And may each hour be happier than the last.

AUGUSTUS.

21st November, 1812.

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ON A LARGE ASH, WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

COULD but my verse thy noble stature reach,  
Majestic Ash ! and soar so high a pitch,

Not in the County of Kildare

Should be so fam'd a tree :  
What Hercules could thee up tear ?  
Not Finmacoole could root up thee

To make of thee his chair,

Here let me sit beneath thy shade,

And contemplate those ruins made

By time's unsparing hand :

Oh ! could my lays

Unite thy praise

With ancient glories of the land,  
Of heroes long since dead, who in the dust are laid.

As Finmacoole, whose brave exploits  
Of throwing hills about like quoits

\* Have so renowned been,  
Such miracles could ne'er achieve,  
Nor enterprize, as I believe,  
But for his smiling queen.

So, ne'er could I thus far have writ,  
Had not the fair commanded it :

Their favour I do crave,  
Which if I gain, I am content,  
And think my labour is well spent ;  
And so I take my leave.

RICCIARDO.

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THE DESERTER.

WHY move with measur'd steps yon. martial band,  
In solemn, awful silence ? Why breathes not

The wonted clangor of the clarion's bray,  
The flute's soft symphony, the fife's shrill note,  
Drown'd by the echo of the war-drum's roar ?

'Tis Justice points that step, forbids the voice

Of warlike melody to rouse the soul,  
Or lure a thought from her ; severe in wrath,

'Tis not enough the victim at her shrine  
Should yield his forfeit life, she points to man,

And in emphatic language bids him read  
Her stern decrees. Now dread suspense,  
And deeper silence reign, while o'er the host

The sombre veil of melancholy spreads.  
Behold the wretched man ! his moisten'd eye

Is rais'd to Heaven, his unequal step  
Proclaims the inward anguish of his soul.  
He gains the fatal spot ! the last few friends  
Whom misery bound to life are gone for ever.